Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

OUR WILLIE.

Cutting steamships on the chair,
Cutting off the dolly's hair,
Cutting papers on the stair,
Cutting capers everywhere—
That's Willie.

Making "doggies" on the wall,
Making mud-pies in the hall,
Making "horse-lines" of my shawl,
Making trouble for us all—
That's Willie.

Hammering upon the floor,
Shouting till his throat is sore,
Making all youth's batteries roar,
All of this and even more—
That's Willie.

Soiling all his finest clothes,
Stubbing out his "French kid" toes,
Dirty cheeks and dirty nose,
Caring little how he goes—
That's Willie.

—*Fuller.*

On the morrow he shall go
With his ma to neighbor Snow;
The piano leg he'll cut,
Daub the furniture with smut,
Scratch the big new sofa, too,
Draw across the glass a screw,
And our neighbor Snow'll be mad,
But, you bet, I'll not be sad—
It's my Willie.

—*Courier-Journal.*

LAGNIAPPE.

Why do I wear a dog's tooth set in gold for a watch charm? Ah, boys, it is to remind me of an infirmity that has brought Jack Campion trouble ever since he learned to talk.

To begin at the right end: I was just twenty-five when my father bought me a plantation up in the swamp, where fortunes are still to be made in spite of the changes of war.

You Northern folks don't know much about life on the banks of the old Mississip, that's a fact.

Strange that nature should make it easy in the swamp to do everything but —live! Some people say you must be half alligator and half nigger to get along there; but as for me, I was always tough. Cotton and corn grow higher than the head of a man on horseback; the soil is so fertile that a Northern farmer in the midst of his stony fields would call the tilling it receives mere child's play; and in addition to these blessings, your brains at some seasons are nearly jolted out of your head by "the chills."

The mosquitoes are great black fellows that do their work with silent and concentrated venom; no irrelevant buzzing about the ears of the victim. As for the deer-flies, many a time I have come home from a long ride when my horse's patient sides would be streaming with blood. Then the buffalo-gnats —they are small enough to slip through the meshes of a mosquito bar, but quite large enough to keep you in a fever.

The funniest thing about it is that I never knew a swamper, born and bred, who wouldn't stick it out that his native place was perfectly healthy, and be angry if you differed from him—sometimes saying this while his teeth were chattering so he could hardly talk.

My house stood behind the green levee, which from the river made the trees look as if they had no trunks.

At night the fog fell and fell upon the low muddy banks, like some one carding cotton, and I could see the headlight of some steamboat now and then looming up through the dusk like a great red eye, and hear the wild cries, half musical, half uncouth, of the roustabouts. Then came the whistle—low and hoarse at first, and deep as the bass notes of a tremendous organ, and rising and shrilling into a wail of agony. How unutterably melancholy it used to sound, dying hopelessly on the dead, unchanging flats beyond! Plenty of sport, too, up there for a hunting man —herds of deer, foxes, wild hogs, and humbler game, such as 'coons and 'possums.

But if you want to know what desolation is, just look at a bit of irreclaimable swamp land. Nowhere else does the gray moss grow in such hoary abundance upon the cypress-trees, and the bayous that stretch their arms landward are full of odd-looking marsh grasses. Maybe the sun is shining through the clouds with a yellow glare, making a sickly, feverish light among the sickly, feverish smells and vapors that hang about the stagnant water. Sometimes you see a snake sliding sluggishly through the underbrush, scarcely leaving a trail in the oozy soil; or often you come across an alligator sunning himself on a log, and tumbling into the pool with a slump if he hears a noise close by.

I tell you, even if you haven't much poetry in your nature, there is something awful in the silence of such a spot; it speaks so plainly of death and disease and decay.

Well I went to work with a will, determined to be a model planter. Among other transactions, I swapped my rifle with Jules Bastien, an aged and dried-up creole, for a stout-built Texas cob.

"Vait a meenit," said Jules, hobbling to the back of his cabin. "I geeve you lagniappe; I trow heem een."

Lagniappe, let me explain, is what the vulgar American calls "boot." He returned, bringing with him a brown paper bag that might have contained chincapins or pindars. Then, as it squirmed slightly, I was struck by the fear that this present might prove to be crawfish, and that Jules would force the repulsive delicacy upon me. I was comforting myself with the thought that I could toss them into the nearest mudhole on my way home, when out of the aperture popped a brindled head, all eyes and ears.

"Eet ees a fine leetle puppy dogue," remarked Jules. "Take heem; he keep off de tief by night."

I thanked the old fellow, and was really grateful; for I had no dog, and I fancied that Lagniappe—so I christened him—would prove good company.

As time developed him, he became a character-study. He was part bull-dog and part hound, with more than a strong dash of cur, I suspected. The bull-dog strain made him hold on like grim death to anything in which he fastened his teeth, and from his hound ancestors he derived the habit of howling systematically for an hour at a stretch if you wounded his feelings.

If he had been a child instead of a puppy I should have been sure he was going to prove a naturalist, he had such a mania for "specimens." I used to find a small museum on the front gallery every morning—several old bones, a tin can, a discarded sun-bonnet, and gigantic shoe of Jacinthy's, beside a dead bird. This bird in particular was always turning up unexpectedly in the most malodorous condition. Forcible arguments could never persuade Lagniappe that it was offensive. He had a fashion of presenting it to me, after his more flagrant misdeeds, as an act of propitiation, until it resolved itself into one wing and a few feathers.

If I may be forgiven for the remark, it must be confessed that I often gave Lagniappe "boot" for these presents of his.

With all his faults, Lagniappe was affectionate, and loved to sit beside me, snuggling his black muzzle into my hand. After all, there's no friend like a faithful dog. It never makes any difference to him whether you grow old and ugly or lose all your money. He bears your kicks and curses patiently, and presently, when you are in a good temper again, he is ready to wag his tail and frisk about you.

Poor Lagniappe! he brought me one of the best things in my life. I wish I had been more grateful, but at that time my violent temper often carried me away. The worst of it was that he did not confine his depredations to my own domain, but sometimes made raids upon our neighbors, so that I was several times under the necessity of restoring stolen articles.

All this time I had been very busy getting things into running gear, when one fine day I saw Lagniappe trot into the yard with something in his mouth, which he secreted under the front steps. I followed him, and discovered the object to be a thin blue and gold volume of poems. The puppy having been dismissed with a cuff on the ears, I looked at the fly-leaf and saw written there: "Anne Page. The Oaks."

Under this a masculine hand had appended the word, "Sweet Anne Page" —a compliment snubbed by the severe marginal note, "Stuff and nonsense."

Then I remembered that my father had given me a letter of introduction to a Colonel Page—no doubt this young lady's papa. I pictured her tall and slim and fair, with a face like a white rose, and an air of gentle and gracious dignity.

I intended returning the book immediately, but each day something prevented me from doing so, until in the meantime I became quite familiar with its contents. Here and there I found a word or a line underscored, and these I read with redoubled interest.

At last I found a leisure afternoon. Lagniappe showed an inclination to follow me, but I sternly ordered him to stay at home. Seemingly he bowed to fate, for he lingered beside the hedge, sniffing at the leaves, and giving a passing tweak to the turkey's tail—almost humming a tune, in fact, the better to express carelessness and a good conscience. So I left him.

On my way toward Colonel Page's plantation I took a cut-off through the fields, but I soon discovered that it had led me to a side-gate. However, I went in, and followed the bridle-path until the sound of voices told me I was near the house; so I checked my horse behind a clump of japonicas in order to reconnoiter. Peering through the branches, I could see jutting out from the side of the mansion a little portico, on which a silvery-haired old lady was standing, with a young girl beside her. Such a girl! What a gypsy she was! Heavy masses of dark hair, a pomegranate bloom on her checks, and the wildest, brightest, sauciest, most laughing eyes—but I will not enlarge, as the preachers say. Before them stood an elderly negro in a defiant attitude.

"Abram," the old lady was saying, "I really can not stand this any longer. Three times in one week you have come home in a state of intoxication."

"Now, ole mistis, jes you shet up," was Abram's astounding rejoinder. "It's Missy Anne what I'm addressin'."

"Well, hurry up, and say what you have to say," retorted the young lady.

"Now, Missy Anne, doesn't I always drive you out nice, an' go whar you sends me? An' you know you don' min' sendin' a pore old nigger out any time o' night, no matter ef it's rainin' rattlesnakes—no, nor *scarpenters*, neider, An' when I takes you out in de c'r'age, an' you whistles an' sings an' behaves like a young lady didn't oughter act, does I ever make any 'jections wid you?"

"No, Abram; I should hope you know your place better," said the girl, suppressing a giggle, with severity.

"Well, den"—in a conclusive tone—"what fault *has* you got to find o' me, name o' gracious!"

"Oh, go along, Abram," said the elder lady. "You are incorrigible. Only don't let me see you again in such a condition."

"No, mistis; I won't, mistis. But you doesn't 'pear to 'member dat I can't take a teaspoonful o' anythin' 'thought its makin' me right down sick."

And he departed, shaking his head over her lack of charity.

Feeling something of a sneak, I thought it high time to emerge. I received a cordial reception from Mrs. Page and her pretty grandchild, whom she had never allowed to feel the loss of a mother. The Colonel was a tall, soldierly man, who told me I looked like my grandfather, and insisted upon rehearsing pages of my family history, while I was longing to talk to "sweet Anne." He might have been talking still had not the patter of feet made itself audible, and who should come gayly into the room but Lagniappe! Making straight for Anne, he jumped into her lap. That was the first thing that puppy ever did that gave me a respect for him.

"Oh, law! oh, gracious!" Annie cried, jumping up and spilling him on the floor.

"Please excuse the littie wretch," I said, when I had thrust him out forcibly. "And I have another apology to make for him," I added, producing the volume of poems.

"My book! Why, gran'ma, you know I have been wondering where it has gone. Do you suppose he stole it out of the summer-house, Mr. Campion?"

"I'm afraid he did," said I. "His name by rights should be Barabbas."

"What a dear, cunning thing he must be!" she cried. "Give him to me; won't you, *please?*"

"No, Annie, not another dog shall come into this house," the Colonel answered, in an aggravated tone. "One can't move at present without tumbling over one or two. That great brute of a St. Bernard takes pleasure in making himself look like a door-mat, because he knows I am near-sighted."

"Oh, but this is such a smart, interesting puppy," urged Anne, giving an ecstatic spring upon her chair.

"My dear Anne," said Mrs. Page, indulgently, "What will Mr. Campion think of you?"

"I can't help it, gran'ma," replied Miss Anne, blushing up to the curls on her forehead, but laughing at the same time. "Even if I should be prim now, Mr. Campion would find me out sooner or later. I shock every one; but it is my nature, just as dogs delight to bark and bite. Even Abram—why, Mr. Campion, I can read disapproval in his very back at times."

"He must be hard to please," said I, trying not to look guilty.

"The truth is," replied Mrs. Page, "he is an old family servant, and we endure a good deal on that account"—to me a totally unnecessary explanation.

My acquaintance with "Sweet Anne" prospered finely. She had a whole regiment of first, second, and fiftieth masculine cousins, who visited her in platoons, presented her with the latest sentimental ballads, and were never weary of chronicling the smallness of her glove and slipper. There were moments when I hated them. For a time came, and quickly, too, when the cut-off seemed the length of an eternity, and Max's fleetest pace could not keep step with my desire.

As for Lagniappe, he became her abject slave, testifying his adoration by rolling his eyes and lolling out an inordinately long red tongue when she held him in her arms, and addressed him as "an old precious," and "too cute to live." His greatest breach of decorum was to bite the ends of her long braid as it tossed over her shoulders, and to take rides on the train of her gown. Lagniappe's heart was in the right place, that was clear. But all the world was not of our mind.

On one occasion I found Abram leisurely setting a "figger-fo' " trap among the cotton as I crossed the field, and while he worked he sang the following plaintive air:

"Oh, de roof is cavin' in, an' de chimly's tumblin' down,
An' I ain't got long 'bout hyeh to remain;
While de angels watches o'er me, an' dis good ole dawg o' mine,
In de little ole lawg-cabin in de lane."

The idea of Abram watched over by angels was too much for me, and I burst into derisive laughter.

He looked up, and remarked, as he pulled his grizzled forelock, "Howdy, Mas' Campion? I hope I see y' well. I's jes lookin' everywhere fer you."

"So it seems," said I, with sarcasm. He was obtuse.

"Yes," said he, artlessly, "dat's a fac'. Missy Anne she sent me ober in a big hurry wid sumpin—now what *was* it she gimme? A book—or—or—no, 'twas a letter; 'n' where'd I put dat 'ere? 'Clare to mussy! hope I ain't loss it. Won't she skin me alive!"

This was soothing to a lover's ear.

"You had better try to find it," I advised him.

"Well, ain't I a-tryin'? Law shucks! won't missy be rampagin'? She writ an' tore up, an' writ an' tore up, forty-'leven times, I reckon.

As he said this he fumbled wildly in numerous pockets too ragged to hold anything, up his sleeves, and in his hat, and at last produced it from one of the gigantic brogans that adorned his enormous feet.

I improved the occasion by a few words of advice; but he replied, calmly mopping his forehead with a dingy bandana: "I knowed I'd put it somers, only I disremembered prezackly whar. Mighty lucky I foun' dat 'ere," he added. "Tell you what, I don' like to git little Missy in my wool. Ole mistis she'll do pooty good, *ef y' let her be;* but Missy Anne she's mi-ighty pernickety. An' headstrong. Don' I pity de gen'leman what marries her! She's little, but, oh, lawdy!"

"Abram," said I, with all the dignity I could summon, "be kind enough to keep your opinion to yourself."

"Yes, sah—yes, sah—yes, sah—sartainly, sah," responded Abram, obligingly; but he did not seem to be crushed to earth.

The note was merely an ivitation to "a little dance" at The Oaks; but to me it proved a momentous occasion, for before I left the house, sweet Anne Page was my promised wife.

From that time I worked with a greater will than ever, inspired by happiness.

Meanwhile Lagniappe grew apace, not losing a jot of his impudence and trickiness with his increased growth.

Spring was drawing near, and as it had been a hard winter, trouble was expected from the breaking-up above. Colonel Page's house was situated on a slope, so I felt tolerably sure of Anne's safety; but she, on the contrary, was certain that she should awake some day to find me swept away by a flood. Although I laughed at her fears, I kept a sharp eye on the levee.

One afternoon I was making a tour of inspection, and I felt generally out of sorts. In the first place, I had not been able to find my mud boots, and naturally their disappearance was laid at Lagniappe's door, although his innocent and cheerful countenance as he frisked about Max's heels should have disarmed suspicion. (I must remark here that Jacinthy blamed Lagniappe for every loss, from the frying-pan to her Sunday bonnet.) In the second place, the whole day had been filled with a stinging rain, and a chill, damp air that went to one's bones, until just before sunset, when the west broke up into ragged clouds, from which streamed a garish yellow glow. A clump of willows beside the turbid bayou was half obscured in a cloud of fog. Max's hoofs made a sucking sound in the heavy soil, and left spongy marks behind them.

Lagniappe was ranging a few feet ahead of me, when, just as I had crossed the "branch," he startled up a covey of partridges right under Max's nose.

Well, that was the only shabby trick Max ever served me. "But 'twas enough, it sufficed," as the fellow in the play says, for he pitched me off against a tree, and then made tracks for home. I was conscious of a grinding pain in my left leg, and when I tried to get on my feet, I found that useful member was—broken.

"This is the deuce of an idea," I said.

Lagniappe was walking round and round me curiously, and as I looked at him an inspiration seized me. With some trouble, I took a pencil and a scrap of paper from my pocket, and scrawled a few lines upon it. Then I called the dog coaxingly, and showed him the slip, pointing in the direction of The Oaks, which was not more than a mile away. He seemed to understand, for he grabbed the paper; but he had not gone far before he tore it up, and ran back to me. I coaxed, commanded, threatened in vain. He looked roguish, and wagged his comical tail. Then I lifted up my voice and woke the echoes; but there was no answering shout. I fired my pistol several times, but no one came.

"Very well, then," said I; "I suppose I must lie here till morning."

I removed the comforter from about my neck—it was some of Anne's handiwork, by-the-bye—and began to roll it up into a cushion for my head, determined to be as comfortable as possible, when Lagniappe, with a wicked look, snatched it out of my hands, and darted off into the underbrush, to tear it into ribbons, I never doubted.

Abandoned by even my horse and dog, you may believe that my feelings were not enviable. The pain of the fracture was intolerable—a violent throbbing, varied by a grinding agony whenever I moved a hair's breadth. I had also the consolation of reflecting that this long delay might make an amputation necessary, and I quailed at the thought of being a cripple. Fever and the want of a proper support had sent all the blood to my head, and between rage and pain I was well-nigh crazy. I longed to strangle Lagniappe.

I was alone in the horrible silence of a winter night. That silence, pregnant with half-uttered sounds, whispered suggestions of evil ten times worse than the broad reality. Not the chirp of a bird, not the stir of a green leaf, only the soughing of the wind across the naked flat, and the river booming threateningly aganst the levee. There was no moon, but a pale, watery light spread itself over the sky. Soon I expected to feel the rain on my up-turned face.

Far, far off a negro began that jarring cry that bears a harsh resemblance to the German *jodel*. I tried to hail him, but my voice failed me.

Then it seemed to me that the thoughts in my brain began to buzz like bees with an ever dilating and decreasing sound. "God! if I could faint, or die!" I gasped.

There was a crackling in the dead leaves, and looking up, I saw Lagniappe. His sides heaved, and foam hung from his lips. I felt for my pistol; there was still one cartridge in it. My hand was unsteady; he wavered dizzily before my eyes; but the shot sped true to the mark. A sharp howl rang out on the still air, and he fell quite close to me.

The sound sobered me. "Lagniappe!" I cried in horror at my own deed, and I flung the pistol as far as my arm could send it.

At my voice his large eyes rolled, and he wagged his tail feebly as he dragged himself nearer and tried to lick my hand. Then a quiver ran through his body. I felt him; he was still warm, but he was dead.

Well, boys, I don't mind telling you that I cried like a baby. A moment afterward I heard voices and footsteps. Lights flashed through the dark, and soon a crowd of people came out from behind the trees. In the midst of them was sweet Anne herself, the dark tendrils of hair curling up with the damp around her face, that bloomed like a rose under the shadow of her white hood.

"Anne!" I cried, bewildered.

"Yes, my dearest Jack," she said; "it was all Lagniappe's work. He came running in with your comforter, and I knew something had happened to you. Papa wasn't at home, so I came myself, and we followed Lagniappe."

"I done tole missy free er fo' times dat I could boss dis yer job myself; but she'll hab her own way er bust," was Abram's characteristic rejoinder.

"And, oh, Jack!" cried Anne, "I know something dreadful is the matter with you."

"Broken leg," I managed to say.

"Well, we must take you home as soon as we can. And where's Lagniappe!—dear little hero! Jack, he's *dead!*"

I had to tell a lie. "Annie," I said, "he came running through the bushes; it was dark, and I fired."

I knew nothing after that. A merciful fainting fit saved me from the jolting of the rough litter, improvised of rails and boughs, on which they placed me, with Lagniappe's dead body by my side.

I was taken to The Oaks, and nursed back to strength by Anne and her grandmother; but always in the bottom of my heart lay the cold thought that I had murdered my friend.

The worst of it was, I discovered afterward that Jacinthy's son—a gay young bachelor—had borrowed my boots to wear to a party; so, after all, Lagniappe had been blameless.

I've been a fortunate man in my life, happy in my wife and family and friends; but yet sometimes when I think of the look in Lagniappe's eyes the night I shot him— Let's talk of something else. —*Harper's Bazar.*

Is a Dog a Wolf?

The Anthropological Society of France had recently under discussion the question whether the dog descends from the wolf. M. Harbourdin said that he had brought up a wolf that was now six years old and as gentle as a lamb. It was, besides, remarkably intelligent, and could open the doors by turning the handles. When it hears a clock strike it would stand on its hind legs to look behind, and would move the hands round with its paws. It is fond of perfumes, and lives on good terms with poultry and other animals, but has a great aversion for cats. Its bark resembles that of a dog. M. de Mortillet, on the other hand, said that he had been endeavoring in vain to tame wolves. They were gentle enough so long as they were young, but became savage at the adult age.

—The Jewish population of Vienna is reported to have more than doubled itself, according to the recent census, within the past ten years. In 1870 it was 30,200. It is now 72,000.

The Vice-President.

It is impossible to disguise the positive reluctance of the people to Mr. Arthur's possible accession to the Presidency. Mr. Arthur himself cannot but see it, and if, unfortunately, he should be called to the high station, he will enter it with this popular feeling impressed on him in a way which cannot be misinterpreted. And yet, it may be founded on a miscalculation of what he would do. It is no one's fault but his own that the people would give him no hearty welcome to the high office. He may thank himself for it. In the event of Mr. Garfield's death, no one could succeed him but Mr. Arthur. The Constitution, defective as it is on some other points of succession, is plain enough on this. He is the undisputed Vice-President, and the Vice-President is the undisputed successor to the Presidential vacancy. The country recognizes this fact and acquiesces in it; if Mr. Garfield should die, Mr. Arthur would, of his own volition, go before some proper official and take the oath, and, without further ceremony, assume the attitude and functions of President—and the country would recognize him without opposition. But the country would the next moment place itself in an attitude of anxious, stern expectancy to see what the new President would do. There are apprehensions felt in some quarters that he would undo Mr. Garfield's work, and traverse Mr. Garfield's policy, or to give shape to a vague, popular fear, that he would attempt to bring Grantism again to the front, make his friend, ex-Senator Conkling, his chief adviser, and shape his general policy and appointments in the interest of General Grant. But it may be doubted that Mr. Arthur would, even if he had the opportunity, start out on an enterprise so full of hazards as this. Even admitting that he might desire to do it, he has sagacity enough to see that the mere attempt would end in overwhelming and disastrous discomfiture. Even the nominally irresponsible powers that a President is invested with must be wielded in strict accountability to public opinion, and in this case if Mr. Arthur were to attempt to reverse the present policy and bring forward Grantism, he would encounter a storm of popular condemnation at every turn. The people would watch him with a vigilant and, perhaps, intolerant suspicion. The Garfield policy in addition to being cordially approved for its manifest advantages would have become in a manner sanctified by the sufferings of its author, and Mr. Arthur would be given plainly to understand that an attempt to reverse it would make the country his enemy.

Surely Mr. Arthur perceives and appreciates these facts—and in this we would have a guaranty for his good conduct. The success of his own Administration should prompt him to make a frank declaration of his purpose to adhere to a policy vindicated by its fruits and approved by the people, and avoid all experiments in untried directions. Such a declaration would do much to conciliate an unfriendly and suspicious public feeling, and open a career of plain sailing for his Administration—and it is hardly conceivable that he would refuse to make it in some shape or other.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Struggle in Virginia.

In the elections of this year almost the entire interest of the people will be concentrated upon Virginia. Neither in Ohio nor in any other State will the election have anything like the significance that belongs to the Virginia contest. The people of Virginia find themselves engaged in a conflict in which the honor and fame as well as the welfare and prosperity of the State are involved. In intensity and energy this contest has no parallel since the memorable election in 1855 in which Virginia rolled back the tide of Know Nothing fanaticism and infused new life and hope into the National Democracy. In the fall elections of 1854 the Know Nothings had swept nearly all the Northern States, almost completely absorbing in their organization what remained of the old Whig party. Elated by their victories the Know Nothings threw off all mystery and disguise and boldly proclaimed to the country their proscriptive principles. The Whig party was destroyed and the utmost gloom pervaded the party of the Democracy in the presence of this triumphant and vindictive political organization.

In this situation the campaign opened in Virginia in the spring of 1855. Against Flournoy, the candidate of the Know Nothings, the Democrats of Virginia nominated Henry A. Wise for Governor. The Know Nothings, encouraged and aided by what remained of the Whig party of Virginia, entered the contest in full confidence of success. Their leaders boasted that they had enrolled in their lodges a majority of the voters of the State. The Democrats were correspondingly depressed. But as the campaign progressed they took courage from their bold and aggressive leader, who traversed the State throughout its length and breadth, eloquently denouncing and exposing the pernicious aims and tendencies of Knownothingism. When the votes were counted Henry A. Wise was elected Governor to the universal joy of the Democracy and the dismay of their opponents. Knownothingism never after lifted its head in American politics.

The people of Virginia are once more engaged in a struggle in which the interests of the National Democratic party are as deeply concerned as in the memorable contest of 1855. Though the issues are different, the results of this conflict are not the less important. Mahone and his faction have entered the contest boldly proclaiming the purpose to repudiate a portion of the State debt. As the Whig party of Virginia was swallowed up by the Know-Nothings in 1855 the Republicans of that State are now absorbed by the repudiation faction of Mahone. The Republican office-holders of Virginia have for the most part merely obeyed the impress given by the Administration at Washington, whose sympathy with Mahone is unmistakable. The Republican newspapers of the North with few exceptions warmly abet this political alliance, and seek to cover the nakedness of repudiation with the shallow pretense that Mahone and his faction are the champions of "a free ballot and a fair count." Thus the contest in Virginia is narrowed down to an issue between the Conservative Democracy, who unequivocally declare in favor of the payment of the entire debt, and the Mahone Readjusters, who as unequivocally proclaim the purpose to repudiate a portion of it. Of such a contest the people of this country cannot remain indifferent spectators.

The Democrats of Virginia are engaged in a contest that will tax all their energy and resources, and that entitles them to the earnest and active sympathy of the party throughout the land. In the election of 1880 the combined vote of the Mahoneites and the Republicans exceeded the Democratic vote nearly twenty thousand. Should the absorption of the Republicans by the Mahone faction be complete the defeat of the Democrats is inevitable. The mass of the Republicans of Virginia are negroes to whom Mahone's platform of a free vote and no taxation is extremely attractive. But some of the most influential Republican leaders have repudiated the Mahone alliance and there are indications that they will be able to hold from him a considerable portion of the colored vote. At the same time many of the Hancock Readjusters of last year who have been disgusted with the treachery of Mahone will return to the Democracy.

Should the Mahone-Republican coalition triumph in Virginia the victory will be attended with no political glory. It will be a victory of repudiation and ignorance over the best elements of the State. But should the coalition be defeated the Republicans in the North who are aiding and abetting it could not evade the disgrace and demoralization of defeat. A victory for the Democrats of Virginia on the other hand would have a significance in National politics that could not be overestimated, while a defeat upon so lofty and honorable an issue would be attended neither by demoralization nor disaster to the National Democracy.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

Logan as a Rebel Sympathizer.

The following letter in regard to the attitude of John A. Logan during the period immediately preceding the late civil war is an interesting contribution to the history of that event, especially in view of the claim of the Illinois Senator to represent and embody the Stalwart element of Republicanism:

MT. VERNON, Ill., August 12, 1881.

To the Hon. Ben Hill, Atlanta, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR: The smoke of battle having cleared away, it is perhaps not inappropriate to notice the acts and conduct of the participants. In the Senate of the United States last winter I noticed a discussion between yourself and the Hon. John A. Logan, from this State, in which the honorable Senator took occasion to make a broad denial of the charges long laid at his door of his disloyalty at the breaking out of the war. While I do not desire to reopen a matter that may be so annoying to the honorable Senator, yet I think it but fair and right that the other side of the "history" should be written.

I have known Mr. Logan for many years; often met him in political meetings before and at the beginning of the War. At that time he was a member of the House from the Thirteenth District of this State. I was publishing a Democratic paper at this place. I well remember Mr. Logan of that day as the most ultra man in politics in the State; it being generally understood that he was in favor of Southern Illinois seceding and joining the Confederacy. In 1861, near James J. Fitzgerald's, in this county, he made a speech filled with the most vindictive epithets upon the Administration—in fact, language seemed to fail him in denouncing the "unholy War." And among the mild (?) sentences he used I well remember the following made by Mr. Logan the day referred to:

"May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right arm wither should I ever take up arms against my brethren of the South."

This speech was made in the presence of hundreds of men besides myself who are today living, and will bear testimony to the fact.

In McLeansboro, Hamilton County, Ill., on Tuesday, the 21st day of May, 1861, Mr. Logan drew his bowie-knife and threatened, in the most abusive language, to cut down the stars and stripes which were then over the Court-House, because, he said, it was placed there as an insult to him as a member of the Democratic party in Southern Illinois. These remarks were made in the presence of many good citizens, whose names will be produced if required. These treasonable actions and utterances were continued by Mr. Logan until he received a visit from a messenger of Governor Yates, who, at the time, was a regularly-appointed special Deputy United States Marshal. This officer called upon Mr. Logan at his home in Jackson County, armed with two weapons only, one a commission to recruit and organize a regiment for the Federal army; the other an order duly signed for the arrest of John A. Logan as a Rebel sympathizer. Mr. Logan was given his choice—the world knows which he took. I am prepared to furnish the order of arrest, which is still in existence and at command when circumstances require. I have no reason for making the statements other than a desire to see the facts go into history as they really existed at the time—before he was presented with the alternative of a commission or an arrest. He was compelled to leave Centralia, in this State, on special engine, to avoid a session of Judge Lynch's Court, which was convening for the purpose of trying Mr. Logan for treasonable utterances. I have withheld the names of individuals in this communication, thinking it better to produce them in a future article in case a denial is made, for the honorable gentleman's benefit, and that the true facts may go into history I hand you this through the press. Any information you may desire in reference to me, I refer you to the Hon. R. W. Townshend, member of the House from this district, the Hon. Sam S. Marshall, formerly member, and the Hon. Thomas S. Casey, one of the Judges of the Appelate Court of this State. Very respectfully,

EDWARD V. SATTERFIELD.

Mr. Tilden in 1884.

The Chicago *Times* says:

"Mr. Tilden is unable to convince himself that the country is not yearning for some of his evidently-celebrated reform, and he is preparing to satisfy this craving in 1884."

This is only one of many circulating paragraphs of similar purport that are wholly meaningless, except as they betray the holy fear concerning Mr. Tilden's political purposes which animate the uneasy souls of his enemies. If there is any one man whom these Republican managers hate, because they fear him, more than they do another, that man is the New York statesman who was elected to the Presidency—(which was stolen by Hayes in 1876)—by 260,000 majority.

There need be no doubt in the world that Samuel J. Tilden would prove to be the most powerful leader and a triumphant candidate if he could be in the field in 1884. No candid and competent judge can rationally question that he would have beaten Garfield in Indiana in October, and in New York and Connecticut in November, 1880, if he had consented to be a candidate at Cincinnati. But Mr. Tilden will never again be a candidate for any office. Mr. Tilden would not undertake the duties of the Presidency for all the power and honor which that position could confer upon him. His resolution was taken long ago to retire from active politics and public life, and if it has been at any time seriously shaken, either by the demands of his party or the ardor of his friends, those who know best have not been permitted to have the least suspicion of it. *From a Recent Statement by Committeeman Miller, of Nebraska.*